Come hether friend, tell me what more thou knoweſt.

Exit.

Enter Kent and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the King of *France* is ſo ſuddenly gone backe,
Know you the reaſon?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the ſtate, which ſince his comming foorth is thought of, which imports to the Kingdom, ſo much feare and danger that his perſonall returne was moſt required and neceſſary.

Kent. Who hath he left behinde him, Generall?

Gent. The Marſhall of *France*, Mounſieur *la Far.*

Kent. Did your letters pierce the Queene to any demonſtration of griefe?

Gent. I ſay ſhe tooke them, read them in my preſence,
And now and then an ample teare trild downe
Her delicate cheeke, it ſeemd ſhe was a Queene ore her paſſion,
Who moſt rebell-like, ſought to be King ore her.

Kent. O then it moued her.

Gent. Not to a rage, patience and ſorrow ſtreme,
Who ſhould expreſſe her goodlieſt, you haue ſeene
Sun-ſhine and raine at once, her ſmiles and teares,
Were like a better way, thoſe happy ſmilets
That plaid on her ripe lip, ſeeme not to know
What gueſts were in her eyes, which parted thence
As pearles from Diamonds dropt; in briefe,
Sorrow would be a rarity moſt beloued,
If all could ſo become it.

Kent. Made ſhe no verball queſtion?

Gent. Faith once or twice ſhe heau'd the name of father
Pantingly foorth, as if it preſt her heart,
Cried ſiſters, ſiſters, ſhame of Ladies ſiſters;
Kent. Father, ſiſters, what ith ſtorme ith night?
Let pitty not be beleeu'd, there ſhe ſhooke
The holy water from her heauenly eyes,
And clamour moiſtened her, then away ſhe ſtarted,
To deale with griefe alone.

Kent, It is the ſtars, the ſtars aboue vs gouern our conditions,
Elſe

Elſe one ſelfe mate and mate could not beget
Such different iſſues; you ſpoke not with her ſince?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the King returnd?

Gent. No, ſince.

Kent. Well ſir, the poore diſtreſſed *Lear*'s ith Towne,
Who ſometime in his better tune remembers
What we are come about, and by no meanes will yeeld to ſee his daughter.

Gent. Why good ſir?

Kent. A ſoueraigne ſhame ſo elbowes him, his own vnkindnes
That ſtript her from his benediction, turnd her
To forraine caſualties, gaue her deare rights
To his dog-hearted daughters; theſe things ſting his minde
So venomouſly, that burning ſhame detaines him from *Cordelia.*

Gent. Alacke poore Gentleman.

Kent. Of *Albanies* and *Cornwals* powers you heard not?

Gent. Tis ſo they are afoote.

Kent. Well ſir, ile bring you to our maſter *Lear,*
And leaue you to attend him, ſome deare cauſe
Will in concealement wrap me vp a while,
When I am knowne aright you ſhall not greeue,
Lending me this acquaintance, I pray you go along with me.

Exit.

Enter Cordelia, Doctor, and others.

Cor. Alacke tis he, why he was met euen now,
As mad as the vent ſea, ſinging aloud,
Crownd with ranke femiter and furrow weeds,
With hor-docks, hemlocke, nettles, coockow-flowers,
Darnell and all the idle weeds that grow
In our ſuſtaining, Corne, a century is ſent foorth,
Search euery acre in the high growne field,
And bring him to our eye, what can mans wiſedome do
In the reſtoring his bereaued ſence? he that can helpe him
Take all my outward worth.

Doct. There is meanes Madame,
Our foſter nurſe of nature is repoſe,

The